BY HENRY W. NESPIELD.

CHAPTER VIII (CONTINUED). Neither Mrs. Atwood nor Fizabeth had noticed the figure of a man, which had crept after them in the shadow of the wall; and, as they drove off, with the windows rattling and the wheels jolting over the stones, neither the driver nor they were aware of an additional fare who sat behind the cab.

At last they reached their destination, a small, badly-lighted street in Camden Town. The houses were mostly of one story, and were e-identity the abodes of respectable mechanics. There were lights in the house at which they stopped.

Mrs. Atwood to d : lizabeth to get out and ring the bell, desiring the cabman to wait. Presently she heard the sound of holts being drawn and the door opened. "Does Mr. James Martin lodge here?",

Inquired Mrs. Atwood. "Yes, ma'am." the woman replied.
"He is shocking bad to-nigh". Tom that's my husband-wanted him to see a but he was so obstinate, and

wouldn't let him fetch one."

Mrs. Atwood entered the passage with Fli abeth, and the street door was closed. The house was small and smelled stuffy, but it had a neat and clean appearance

notwithstanding.
"May I go up and see him?" said
Blanche entreatingly. "i am a very old
friend of his—a very old friend."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the woman. "You will take care not to excite him, won't you? He is mortal bad! He only came here yest rday, but we both quite took to him he seemed so gentle-like and so sad. I thought somehow, though he poor, that he had gentlefolks be-

longin' to him."
"Stay here, + lizabeth," whispered Mrs. "I must go up alone. Atwood. In a small scantily furnished room upstairs lay John Lelane , half undress d,

upon a truckle-bed. Mrs. Atwood saw at a glance from his surrounding what had happened to him

he had burs a blood-vessel Si ting down noiselessly by his side, she waited until the woman had left the room.

"Jack," she said softly at last—"Jack—do you know me, Jack?"
Turning his head painfully upon the pillow, he ga ed lavingly up into her face. 'es-he knew her!

She took one of his hands in her own and stroked i soothingly. Nelther of them spoke, but the tears coursed down John Delaney's face as his poor heart felt the trst touch of love and sympathy which it had known since he had left his

At last he motioned as if he wanted some water. She poured out some from the jug upon the washstand and gave it Having drunk it, he lay back upon his pillow for a few minutes and ap-peared to collect his thoughts.

'Mrs. Atwood," he said presently, in a faint, strained voice, "last night I heard everything: | lizabeth-told-me-all-all being suspected of-having about my murdered Sturgis.

She bowed her head, and kept her face turned from him "lo you think I did it?" he asked anx-

rise could not reply, and again he re-

peated the question.

"What else can I think, Jack?" she murmured. "You have been told, I su, murmured. "You have been told, I su,

me." He passed for board the fit nest?" wood, "he continued, "you know how | ad 1 have been-you know all my wretched fanaticism but, in the old days when we were all so happy, do you remember my ever having told you a ile? I o you think that I would do so now, when I am dying?

No, Jack-no" she moaned. "I am sure that you could not."

Then listen. As I lie here, within a few moments perhaps of breathing my last breath, I am innocent of that crime! Do you believe me?"

"Betieve you? Oh, Jack, how happy you have made me! However, black circum-tances may appear against you, I be-

lieve you, upon your word, than you are guiltless." "ileaven bless you. Mrs. Atwood!" he

said, ra sing her hand, which clasped his own, to his flips and kissing it.
For a long time the silence was unbrok-

I e seemed inclined to do e, and she sat by the bedside, bravely trying to suppre s her sobs, not venturing to remove her hand from his.

A happy smile seemed fixed upon his fea ures as if his thoughts were far above the physical sufferings he e ndured.
"You-you are still there?" Don't stay

-not to night. Come early -early morrow: Early-or you will be too late!"

Then he dozed o I again.

Mrs. Atwood looked at her watch. It was an hour since she had left home. Her husband might have re urned, and was perhaps wondering what had become of her. She must go, and come back at daylight; so, without disturbing him, she left

The woman of the house had not yet gone to bed. Begging her to sit up with him and fetch a doctor in at once, Mrs. Atwood slipped some gold into her hand

I will be here early-soon after dayon will not leave him, will you? I will be back early—very early:" and, with her heart full of grief, she hurried home.

CHAUTER IX, AND LAST, Upon their return Mrs, Atwood and Elicabeth found the house in total dark-

Mr. Atw od had evidently not yet come home. Having paid the cabman liberally, Mrs. A wood asked him if he would call again at daylight, as she wished to go back to the house she had been visiting

to see a dying triend. looking in at her husband's bedroom, she saw that there was a fire burning brightly within. She went in and sat down beside it, for the e ld wet night had chille i her. Then she sent Eli abeth to

John Delaney was innocent," she thought. She knew he would not lie to He had not committed the crime.

Who had then? A fearful suspicion crossed her mind. That was the very night upon which George was out. He had not come home until nearly daylight. All the events of that dreadful night came vividly back to her mind. Again in her fancy she was I stening to the sounds in the street, and wonder ng what had become of her hus-band. Once more she was lying upon the bed with the blinds drawn up, longing for caybreak; and then she heard the creak of his footstep upon the stairs, the sounds of water running in the bath-room, and

Step by step she followed every incident which had occurred upon her awak-ening—how she had hurried to seek the news in the morning paper-her surprise and pleasure at the money he had given

Ah, the money! Where had he obtained it? Gambling. he had said. How ill and hazgard he had lcoked after his night's dissipation, and yes-what pains he had taken with his dress! She remembered having remarked

to hin how smart he looked. What had he won upon the previous night? The old gray suit. How well she remembered the pattern of it! She had never seen it since, bye-the-bye. That was strange. Perhaps he had given It away.

"I wonder what he did do with it?" she said, hall aloud. Then, rising from her chair, she mechanically walked across the room to the wardrobe which she opened. Some mysterious in uence which she was jowerless to resist controlled her clasped B action, and impelled her to prosecute a pressure.

search. No; it was not there! Then she o ened one drawer after another, searching carefully, but she could not find the things she wanted. She looked around the room and for the first time she no leed, upon the top of the wardrobe, an old Gladstone

bag. Standing upon a chair, she managed to lift it down. It was covered with dust. and there was something inside, but the bag was locked.

She looked to see if there were any key upon the dressing-table, but there were none. Fetching some bunches of her own from the next room, she tried one after another, and at last found one to ut.

She opened the bag, and there lay the gray suit which George had worn upon that fearful night! There was a strong smell of mouldiness about it, as if it had

been put away camp.

Taking the clothes out, she examined them. I pon both the cast and waisterat were large dark-brown marks. An exclamation of horror escaped her. The bath! The noise of the running water again feil upon her ear. She fell someth ng hard in the breast-pocket; cutting in her hand, she took it out. It was a flat leather case and upon i., in gill, were the letters. "J. S. " They were Captain Sturgle's initials

With a low moan Mrs. Atwood fell back sensible in her chair.

How long she remained so she could not tell, but when she recovered her-cif it was beginning to get light. Her husban i ad not return d.

Hastily bathing her face in some cold water, she tried to think what she had

The fire was s ill nlight, so she put on a few coals and then, noiselessly des end-ing the stairs, went slown to the basement. The servants she knew would not be stirring for at lea t two hours. After some search she found the cupboard where the wood was kept, and, having filled the lap of her dress with bundles she regained her husband's room and locked the door.

Then with a pair of scissors she cut up the clothes, which were lying on the cor, into small pieces, and proceeded to burn them one by one, throwing on st cks and coals occasi naily to keep up the

To prevent the sme'l being noticed in the house she had opened the window wide, and blocked up the keyhole and the chinks of the door. At last, after hour's work she paused. Not a vestige of the clothes or pocket-book remained.

She breathed more freely, and, having replaced the bag upon the wardrobe proceeded to dress herself in the outdoor garments she had worn the previous night "Now to see John I claney," sh thought, "and to wish him a last good-by.

It was quite light, so there was no occa-sion to take i'll aboth with her this time. he would go alone. The sound of wheels rattling along the street made her start.

Was it her husband?
She looked out of the win low. No. it was only the cab which she had ordered to come ta k and fetch her. She left the ouse, and very shortly was once more at the little house in Cam en Town,

The same w man received her. She had be n up all night attending on the sick man. He was sinking fast, she said, and the doctor who had been called in, and who had only just left, had declared that there was no hope for him -he could not last many hours.

Blanche Atwood entered the sick-room. Would be be sufficiently conscious, she wond red, to understand what she wished to impart to him? She prayed silently that he might be so.

He was still lying on the truckle-bed, breathing laboriously, with his eyes clobut presently he opened them and smiled

"Yes, Jack dear," she said: "I have come back. How do you feel now? Bet er?

He shook his head feeb y.
"No bet er," he whispered - "I have no wish to be better now. I heard you come in. I was in a sort of happ: trance, but

I could hear and feel that it was you."
"Dear Jack," she said tendorly, "Mack, can you understand all I say? I wish to tell you something."

'Yes, I can understand-culte we'l." 'Listen then. I know all-all about that which we spoke of a few hours since about the murder of Captain Sturgis. Do you hear what I say?"

Yes, yes-I am listening." "I know all now." she went on: "I know that you are innocent. I know, -1 know who was the murderer!" "You know the murderer?"

"Av. to my so row, but too well. husband, George Atwood, who killed him, and allowed you to be thought guitty in h s st-ad. After I left you, Jack, I thought over every c rounstance that occurred on the night of the murder, and, upon reaching home. I found the actual proofs of his guilt. Ch. Jack, you are soon going to be free; but what is to become of me and my children? What shall I do?" she wailed. "Oh, Heaven, what shall I do?"

John Delaney's thoughts ran back to the old St. John's Wood days. George Atwood had done the deed! Why? For the money. But how had be effected an entrance late the rooms? Then he re-called how they had stood one night upon the staircrse at Capia a Sturgis's cham-bers, and wondereshow they should open the door which he had carelessly slammed

He could see Atwood, as he opened it with his own latch-key, and he could hear his voice as he walked with him along the the street afferwards, in answer to his own remark, "I have that man!" reply,

So do I! it was hard, he thought, to be Franded as a murderer, hard that his mother and sister should think of him as being so infamous. Still, what would become or her. this woman whom he loved so passionate ly, were the truth to be really told? He was dying—should he by dying save her?

"There is nothing in this world that I would not do to ser e her."

These words came back to him as he lay there—and the faces of his dear ones in the little parlor seemed to look upon him once more, as they had looked one

morning scarcely fifteen months ago. "Will you," he said presently, "test my mother and Mary—that—it was not I?

"I promise," sobbed Blanche Atwood.

The next moment a fit of coughing later must inevitably fall.

"Al:- uick-help me up!" he moaned, She raised him quickly into a sitting posture, and then called aloud for help.

She heard the sound of footsteps hurry-ing up the carpetless stairs, then the door was burst roughly open, and Reuten Bates, followed by two policemen and a

eant, rushed into the room.
"There 'c is." cried Reuben. "Setze 'm'. I claim the reward, mind—I told you where you'd find 'm.''
"John Delaney," said the sarjean', 'I arrest you in the Queen's name for the

wilful murder of Captain James Sturgls. John 1 claney looked up at him and

"Too late-too late" he casped. "Yes, I own to it; I did it?"—and as he spoke he clasped Blanche's hand with a significant

"Your promise!" he said. "Don't forget your promise." Then, with a sublime look of love in his eyes, he sank gently back into her arms and died.

It was nearly nine o'clock when George Atwood returned home, and, as he stepped out of the cab in his evening-clothes tushed face showed that he had been making a night of it. Opening the front-door, he hurried up

stairs, in order to avoid remarks fr. m those "we I-paid spies," the servants, as he was fond of calling them. He would have a "tub," he thought, and then two or three hours' sleep to put

himself straight for the day. Walking into his own room, he shut the door and Whilst he was making his preparations,

heard a knock, followed by the sound of Blanche's voice. "What do you want?" he cried. "Why

on earth can't you leave a fellow alone? "Open the door, George." she replied; I must speak to you at once." Throwing open the door with an Impre-

cation, he conf onted her angrily Can ta man core home to his own house without being inva ed like this? he e claimed, "I have told you before that I will not be watched and spled upon. I will go and come as I case. Do you hear that? Now be o't." Without heeding his rough speech, Blanche Atwood shut the door behind her

and calmly faced him. comething in her glance, something in her manner caused him to quall, and a feeling of terror crept into his heart. He spoke again-this time in a very

'Don't you see I don't want to be bothered, Blanche' If you want to speak to me, do so by-and-by, there's a good

"George," she said, "this is the last time I shall ever bother you. You must

listen now to what i have to say.

The last time! What did she mean?
He suddenly tecame aims at sober and collected, as the foreboding of some great catas rophe stole over him. The last time! What did she know?

She answered his very thoughts.

"George, I know all."
"All." be gasped, us every vestige of olor left his face and he stared wildly at her. "All what? What do you mean?" "You know what I mean. I know what was locked up in that bag that you had

forgotten, or thought unlikely to be disturt ed-that bag upon the wardrobe.'
As his eyes followed her glance and became fixed upon the object she had menloned, his face grew livid.

"Now do you understand me?" she con-nued. "it was not John I claney who linued. murdered Storgis, it was — "
"Blanche!" cried the wretched man, fall-

ing upon his knees in abject fear. "Blanche, you will not? 'Get up! Pon't grovel there! I have little nore to say to you, but you mus-hear me out. The evidence of your guilt is destroyed. I have destroyed destroyed. I have de see these " - mad she ed to the ashes in the grate. "They are all burnt, and John relancy died this morning, with his last breath dec'ar-ing himself to be the murderer."

"John Delaney dead?" she returned, contemptuously -"dead; and he died with a be upon his lips to save your life."

George Atwood cowere glance like a whipped cur. giance like a whipped cur.

"In half an hour," she returned in a measured tone, "I shall have left this house. I take my children with me. Hereafter we shall be as dead to one another. Your future is in your own hands. Make what reparation you can for your past. If the memory of our early married life can soften you, think of it, George think of the time when our life was undarkened by the knowledge of your belnous crime, and picture to yourself what our lives might have been, and what you have made of them

As she moved towards the door he stretched out his arms as if he longed for

one last embrace.
"No, not that," she cried, motioning him from her. "Do not touch n.e. I cannot bear it." The next moment she was gone.

He sat down, burying his face in his hands, and listened. Luggage was being taken down the stairs, and the sound of cabs driving up to the front door told him that she was leading him to ever. Could it be true? Was this the end for which he had bartered his soul? Leaving him:

And then there tashed across his mind And then there lasted across his mind the truth that beneath the depths of his selfish nature there lay a great love for her, which, though he had tried for some years to smo her it, welled up in his heart at this mement as strong as it had been upon the das they had been wedded.

The children's voices sounded merrily In the hall be ow, as they prattled o their nurse. He had been not a very fond father to them, but, now-ob, why feeling of love for them suddenly take possession of him? George Atwood's unishment was greater than he could

He heard the hall door shut, and the rabs drive o'7. She had left him, and he was to be alone for ever!

Towards nightfall one of the men knocked at his master's door. I no answer, he turned the handle. Look. ing culetly in he raw that Mr. Atwood was lying down upon his bel, so he retired noiselessly, learing that he might disturb him.

A smell of some strong scent prevaded the apartment, and the man remarked upon it, saying that his master must have got some powerful perfume—it was 'strong enough to knock a horse down, ' he said.

Dinner-time came, and the butler thought that it would be better to arouse his master, as he had eaten nothing all that cay. The man went in an I shook him gently,

but Mr. Atwood did not stir. He was dead. Tightly clenched in his right hand was a small phial. George Atwood had long carried it about with him, in readiness for the blow which he knew sooner or CARRIAGES AND HARNESS.

Something About the Elkhart Carrings and Harness Manufacturing

Company.

This company was organized and com-cenced business in 1874, and during the This company was organized and commenced business in 1874, and during the fifteen years of its operation it has extended its business and established an enviable reputation throughout the country. The superior quality of the goods which it manufactures, as well as its business methods are two of the causes of its extended patronage and great success. The carriages, buggies and other vehicles manufactured and sold by this Company are made from the very best material and by the best mechanics. The hard woods of Northern indiana are celebrated as the best in the world for buggies, carriages and wagens and these, after being perfectly seasoned, are used in all the vehicles made and soid by this company. The iron, steel, leather, cloth and other materials used is the very best, and all put together in the best, strongest and most durable style. Now, as to their manner of doing business. Their system dispenses with the profits of middlemen, for they deal directly with the consumer. All goods ordered are boxed and delivered free on board of cars at Elkhart, Ind. They have but one price for an article, and that as low as sucli goods can be sold, and much lower than in cases where the middle man must have a profit. An illustrated and descriptive entalogue may be obtained by addressing G. B. Pratt, Secretary, Elkhart, Indiana.

E. P. Roe's most pepular povels are be-

E. P. Roe's most popular novels are be

ing translated into German. The Excitement Not Over. and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Baisam for the Threat and Lings for the cure of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family reme ly, is cold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial wire free.

Mrs. Burnett's 'uvenile, "Sara Crewe," has passed its thirtieth thousand

Southern Exenctions at Hair Fore On January 15th, 19th, February 18th and th, 1889, the Monon Houte will sell Land excursion tickets at one fure for the round Excursion telects at one fare for the round trip to designated points in Alabama, Fiorida, Georgia, Louislana, Mississippi and Tennessee. Limit of tickets obdays from date of stamp. Stop overs can be ar-ranged. For full particulars, address L. E. Seasions, T. P. A., box 581 Minneapolis, Mun., or E. O. McCormick, G. P. A., Adams Express Building, Chicago.

Chleaga Beensed 3,525 saloons, 2,200 ped ers, 18,000 dogs, and 39 pawn shop;

Barbed Wire. If you have burbed wire fences, keep Veterinary Carbolisalve in your stables. It cores without, some and renews the hair its original color. 5) cents and \$1.00 at druggists or by mail. Cola & Co., Blake River Falls, Wis.

Emperor William of Germany heard two Wagneri in performances the past week.

Many men of many minds;

Many pills of various kinds.
But for a mild effective, vegetable purga-tive, you had better get Dr. Pierco's Pleas-ant Purgutive Pelle's. They cure sick beadache, billious headache, dizziness, con-stipation, indigestion, and billious attacks; 25 ccass a vial, by drugg sts.

A great innovation in the house of parliament is the introduction of a bootslack in the cloak room. He is the first of his kind

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient." Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of ap-proaching disease of worst type. Do not neglect its warning: it brings deadly cylls in its train. Before it is too late use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the alment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicine till it is too late—till the streamlet becomes a resistless terrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is suffi-

During the year 18:8, 38, 365 immigrants were landed at Castle Carden, an increase of 1,197 over the previous year.

A "Put and Call." This is a funny phrese to the uninitiated, but all the brokers understand it. They use it when a person gives a certain percent for the option of buying or selling stock on a fixed day, at a price stated on the day the option is given. It is often a the day the option is given. It is often a serious operation to the dealer, but there is a more serious "put and call" than this when you are "put" to bed with a severe cold and your friends "call" a physician. Avoid all this by keeping in the house Dr. Pierce's Golden Mcdical Discovery. The great core for palmonary and blood discases. Its action is marvelous. It cures the worst cough, whether acute lingering or chronic. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Short Breath, Consumption, Night-sweats, and kindred affections, it surpasses all other medicines.

all other medicines. Two different "Lives" of the explorer Stanley are announced in London, and the Lippincotts promise one for America.

There is a lawyer in Montreal who has the only existing copy of the first book pub-lished in Canada. It is Archbishop Lan-goet's catochism and bears date 1765.



COMQUERS PAIN, HEALS, CURES. AT DECOGRE AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Dallimore, Md. Diamond Vera-Cura

FOR DY SPI 19-1A.
AND ALL STORAGE THOUTLES SITE AN
Indigers or, cours' insmed, Hearth are, Names Olddiseas, Constitution, Furthers after sating, Food
Exing in the Month and Observable tasts size
coling. Nervotatics and Low Spirits. As Druggies and Teologs or sent by until on receipt of these, is home \$1.00 in stamps. Sample sent on recept of 2 and Samp.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.



Heals the Sores, Resteres the Senof Taste and Smell.

HAY-FEVER TRYTHECURE. A particle is applied into each nestril and is agreeable rice 50 cents at Druggists; by mail\_registered, so cent ELY BROTHEIDS, 56 Warren St., New York.

## IN OLD AGE



years old, and have tried several remedies, but none had any effect until I used Paine's Celery Compound. I feel entirely different for the short time I have used it. I can walk nearly straight, sleep sound and well, and feel as though there was new life and energy coming into my whole system." H, MY-LIUS, Cleveland, Tenn.

Paine's Celery Compound

Strengthens and builds up the old, and cures their infirmaties. Rheumatism, indigestion and ner ousness yield quickly to the curative power of Paine's Celery Compound. \$1 per bottle. Six for \$5. At druggists. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt. FREE BOOK of directions for using Diamond. LACTATED FOOD the best food to use will

ITTLE

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

The Ladies' Home Journal

Half Price up to July 1st, 1889. offer them good pay for every subscriber se-d, and an \$500 to the person who a Prizze \$500 for the recond largest and so on. Sample copies and posters will urnished, so that a great demand can be understanded.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SEND FOR BUT ANY BUTCH. Graffing and Timb Lands nowopen to Sellow, SENT FREE Addre CHAS B. LAMBURN, ST. PAUL, MINN. LETNARE THIS PAPER OVERY time you write. SEND FOR



MOODY & CO. Cincinnal', Q.

M. W. DUNHAM'S CAKLAWN FARM. 3.000 PERCHERON %

FRENCH COACH HORSES, STOCK ON HAND!

300 STALLIONS of services able age; 150 COLTS with choice pedigrees, asperior individuale; 200 IMPOSTED BROOD MARES (Soin food by Brilliant, the most famous living sire).

Best Quality. Prices Reasonable. Terms Easy. Don't Buy without inspecting this Greatest and Noss Successful Breeding Extablishment of America. Breeding Establishment of America, a, fir 230-

. W. DUNHAM, WAYNE, ILLINOIS. ROPSY

-TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies.

Have cured many thousand cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best physicians. From that does symptoms rapidly disappear, and in tendays at least evoluties of all symptoms are removed. Send for free book of testimonals of miraculous cares. Ten days treatment furnished, free by mail.

\$5 TOSIOADAY!
AGENTS WANTED!
Holders GIVEN AWAY to intro-Brewster Mf'g Co., Holly, Mich.





KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

YOUNG MEN Learn Tolegraphy here and we will help you to good positions. Address American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis. ASTHMACAN BE CURED. A trial bot-FREE Mandy's New Taylor System of Breeze Cutting. MOODY & Co., Cincinnati. O.

PISO'S GURE FOR CONSUMPTION

W. N. U., D.-VII.-8, When writing to Advertisers please say



## PERCHERON HORSES







SICK HEADACHE Esting. A perfect remedy for Directors, Names browniness, Sad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Totagus, Pain in the Side. TORPID LIVER, They regulate the Bowels.

Small Pill, 'Small Dose, Small Price

ADVANCE IN PRICE. TELL YOUR PRIENDS

a to be made BETTER and LARGER. It can be had now for only 50 Ceuts per year; another year it will cost \$1.00. We shall double the stage. shall double the price because we cannot afford to furnish so good a paper as the Jounnal, is to be far less than one Itoliar, but we shall double its value, and give you more of it for your money. AGENTE can make hundreds of dollars securing subscriptions at

CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.



ORTHERN PACIFIC.

FT Sand for our books on Blood and Skin Diseases an "Advice to Sofferers' mailed free. vi. 6 SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 5, Atlanta, Ga LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS PREE Government LANDS.

ELKHART, INDIANA.

